

Fall 2010

Savoir Faire

Volume 49

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Acknowledgments

From Savoir Faire

Savoir Faire delivers a journey through the imagination and allows us to visit different aspects of the arts. The collection of artistry, poetry, and stories breaks us away from the daily routine and gives us the chance to enjoy a moment of expression. Through this experience we reap the reward of people's discovery of their once hidden talents, allowing them to share a bit of their inner selves with each and every one of us.

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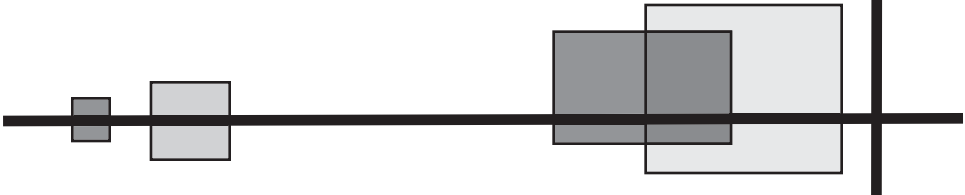
Cover Art

Symmetry Can Be Fun! By Leslie Trigg



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The sky was clear
cloudless;
The ocean was beautiful,
a clear blue color.
Everyone patiently awaited our arrival
except,
I was about to explode!
I had waited forever to dive;
Eternity it seemed.
The water was peaceful and still;
Lightness
came over my body in this new element.
Liberated,
all I could do was smile.
I watched the creatures flawlessly swim,
migrating
from one location to another.
Nothing has ever seemed
so ideal!



I Wish To Find

By Donald Koebel

I wish to find my Wendy
With whom I can have adventure.
I wish to find my Guinevere
To whom I can be protector.
I wish to find my Goldberry
With whom to sing in song.
I wish to find my Arwen
To be with as life grows long.
I wish to find my Arya
To be captivated by her beauty.
I wish to find my Maid Marian
To sweep her off her feet gently.
I wish to find my Sleeping Beauty
To one day wake her with a kiss.
I wish to find my dearest Lenore
So if ever lost, her I will miss.
I wish to find the one whom God
Has chosen to be my wife
And to follow His Son's example
And for her lay down my life.

Only Child Entertainment >>
By Matthew McKeever



The House Next to Mine

By Nicholas West

They had nothing to say to each other, but that was alright. They had just spent twenty years of their lives fighting one another. Arguing, cynical tirades at every step, miscommunication. It was the most beautiful thing one could ever experience, and it was almost over.

Everything came to a fever pitch when I saw them comforting themselves at the hospital. She was dying, and he was trying to keep old habits at home, but he couldn't help himself. "Why didn't you stop smoking? You told me when we first met that cancer ran in your family, while you had those things stuck to your mouth. You're such a fool."

I had been their neighbor for almost fifteen years, and their fighting was like clockwork. He'd come home from work, then like a slow train, the ruckus rumbled into my study. It almost became therapeutic to me while reading. Something so chaotic became so natural until recently. The bang had indeed become a whimper. We never spoke, but I knew everything about them, so it was a surprise that he came by that night. He was as white as that cliché. "I don't mean to bother you, Phil, but...my wife, she-"

I went over to see what had happened, only to see her collapsed on the kitchen floor, the onions she was dicing fallen next to her. He rambled to me, "She just fell, and she's not moving, I called the ambulance already, but I don't know what to do now, so I came to get you. Can you help me please? Please!"

It had been a few weeks since then, and she hadn't been home since. They didn't own a vehicle, so he came by every so often to ask for a ride to the hospital. I didn't mind. I wanted her better. I wanted my white noise back. I wanted him to leave me alone.

That wouldn't happen. She only got worse. Everything came to a fever pitch that night, and old habits died that night. More than old habits died that night.

I wish I had been more aggressive in telling them to shut up and enjoy themselves, so that maybe they could have at least said something nice to each other if only once. But that was never my place. I was just the neighbor listening in, a fly on the wall.

His name was Timothy by the way. Hers was Denise.



Vincent
Hugo

Homecoming

By Chris Wade

Matt pushed against the ground as hard as he could, his slender twelve year old arms quivering with the force. He felt as if the world rested on his shoulders, forcing him down towards the pile of dog feces below him. Even now, his upbringing wouldn't let him call it crap, for fear that his mom would hear the thought and pop him for it. Of course, it wasn't the world on his shoulders; it was Bert. Bert of the ever-greasy mullet, king of the Willow Peak's trailer park, flanked by his fried-spam fed flunkies, Eric and Jon. Matt pushed against the injustice of it all. He pushed against the cheering of Eric and Jon. The feces lay inches below his nose, the sweat from his exertion leaving dark spots on it as his face quivered inches above it. Bert, from his perch atop Matt's narrow shoulders, started bouncing in time with chanting of his moronic partners in terror. Matt could just hear Jenny, Bert's nerdy little sister with coke bottle glasses and a chronic wheeze. "You guys are gross," she said, obviously bored.

"Eat it! Eat it! Eat it!" Eric and Jon's chanting was relentless, the bouncing agonizing, the feces close enough to his nose now that he could smell it.

Matt's arms failed and he fell...

Matt jerked awake and looked around the airplane as the wheels touched down on the runway in Shreveport. He was confused for a moment, lost in the fog of memories fifteen years past. He looked around the cramped cabin of the tiny plane.

He stretched as much as space allowed, flexing his considerable muscles as he did so. Matt had come a long way from the awkward and tortured youth he'd once been. He now owned two gyms and a martial arts dojo specializing in mixed martial arts. He'd attained a black belt in Ju Jitsu and regularly trained in Krav Maga and Muay Thai kickboxing. Through it all, one thing had pushed him: Bert Thompson. Matt had often dreamed of what it would be like to finally confront him.

Matt knocks on the ratty door of the worn down trailer. A dirty man with a beer gut and a greasy skullet...long in the back, bald on top...answers the door.

"Whadda you want?" he asks. Except the "want" would come out sounding like "won't."

"Bert Thompson," Matt would ask politely.

Bert would answer with an affirmative sounding grunt.

“Good to see you again,” he’d say, just before he smashed his elbow into Bert’s nose, relishing the crunch it made as it broke and Bert staggered back.. “It’s me, Matt Stanford,” he’d say before walking inside and shutting the door behind him.

Of course, he knew it wouldn’t happen like that. He didn’t want to go to jail, and showing up unannounced to beat the daylights out of someone in his own home was a one way ticket there, so he was left with his fantasies.

As Matt drove off in his rental, he watched his surroundings, looking unsuccessfully for anything familiar. His parents had divorced when he was thirteen, and he’d moved with his mom to California. He’d rarely come back to visit his dad; they’d never been very close. His dad was what people in the south referred to as a “good old boy,” but that didn’t translate all that well to “good ole dad.” He supposed it was partly his fault. If he’d been more into hunting, fishing or football, he and his dad would have hit it off a lot better.

As he pulled up to the funeral home where his dad now waited, he realized he would never have the chance to get closer. Even though they weren’t close, he loved his dad, and he was surprised to find he was crying. He quickly dried his eyes, checked himself in the visor mirror and got out of the car.

A well dressed man in a yellow sweater vest and long sleeved blue button up answered the door and ushered him inside. He looked vaguely familiar.

“Uh...Hi. I’m Matt Stanford...” That was as far as he got.

“Of course, how are you? It’s been a while.”

Matt shrugged, his mind running through a mental rolodex of faces, trying to place the man. Though he hated to admit it, he finally had to ask, “Do I know you?”

“The Reverend Albert Thompson,” a voice said from the side as an attractive woman stepped up beside him, reaching out a hand to Matt. Matt’s hand reached out to hers on autopilot, but his eyes stayed on the man.

Not “the man,” Matt thought. *“Him. Bert Thompson. A reverend?!”*

He wanted to hit him. He saw it now. He’d cleaned up, but Matt didn’t care. The clean-shaven face just looked smug to him. He ached to unleash on it.

I can’t hit a preacher, he thought. *How the hell had he become a preacher?!*

“Well, not yet, Sis. Still a month before I officially become a man of god,” Bert said with a smile. The woman grinned and shook her head.

Matt's mind reeled. *He's not a preacher yet. Maybe...wait, Sis?*

He looked at the attractive young woman and could vaguely see the awkward girl she had been. Her transformation was even more outstanding than Bert's. Well, physically, at least. He looked between them, longing to start the beating on Bert, but intrigued by her. Finally he smiled at her. *I have a month before he becomes a preacher.*

"Good to see you, Jenny." His eyes wandered back to Bert. He could wait.



A Warrior's Grief

By William Yanez

Ever since I was a kid, I always wanted to serve our nation in the military. I remember watching movies like Navy SEALs, Top Gun, Delta Force, and Commando and feeling an aspiration to be just like the heroes on the screen. In high school I enrolled in junior ROTC* courses, paving a path for future military service. Despite all of the movies and knowledge gained in school, it was not until my first tour in a war zone that I learned a very hard and real truth: Sometimes, the most painful injuries of war leave no physical scars.

In my third tour in the Global War on Terrorism, I was operating as an Individual Augmentee, a U.S. Navy sailor who volunteered to supplement the billeting shortfalls being experienced by the Army and Marine Corps. We had received intelligence reports from the local civilians indicating the location of a possible safe house for Taliban insurgents. Through our proper channels, my unit was given authorization to investigate the residence to verify the information. While we suspected there would be resistance, we did not feel more than three sticks** would be necessary.

With the other two sticks surrounding the residence, my stick approached the front door. Even now, my heart pounds and my breath quickens at the thought of breaching the door. We had performed the operation several times, but now I was in command of the lead stick. With a nod to my unit, my most trusted battle-brethren, we breached the door.

The insurgents were waiting for us; somehow they knew. We were immediately greeted by a hail of automatic gunfire. The point man of my unit fell in the doorway. As the second member of the unit, I was able to push into the room and take cover before drawing too much fire. I remember feeling a sharp pain in my leg, but thought I had just hit it against the sofa I had just dove behind. One other member of my stick had come in behind me, the others being pinned outside the doorway, providing sparse covering fire. The teammate with me, my second-in-command actually, indicated I had been hit. I never realized it. The mission and my fallen brother were on my mind.

Thirty minutes later, we had neutralized the threats, detained the survivors, and secured the building for intelligence without taking any further casualties. Back at the Forward Operating Base, I was admitted to the infirmary. I had taken two rounds in my leg, resulting in minor nerve damage. I had also taken four rounds in the chest, though I was thankfully

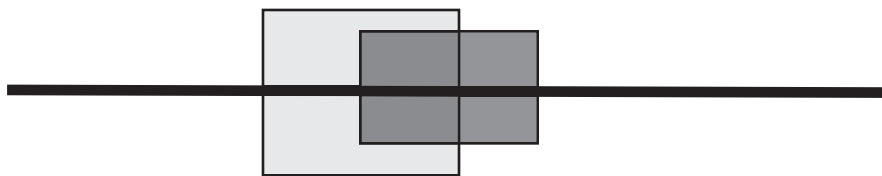
saved by my body armor. The man ahead of me, the first one through the door, was killed on the scene. Two other members in my stick reported minor injuries. They were all under my command.

We had lived together. We had fought together on countless other missions, both as teammates and then them being my subordinates. We ate breakfast together, shared lunches, ate dinner together. We slept in the same barracks, exercised at the same pace. We shared letters from home with each other. I knew I could trust them to get me home, and they could trust me to get them home. Our lives depended upon each other.

I escorted our fallen brother home. It was my request since I was returning to the United States for medical care anyway. His mother met us at the airport in Phoenix, Arizona near his hometown. I wanted to apologize for failing her son, to say I was sorry it was him and not me. But all I could do was stutter. His brother, a teenager dressed in “emo” fashion, called me a warmonger as his mother slapped me. The pain in her eyes I will never forget. I will regain full use of my leg. My nightmares will eventually go away. My other brothers are coming home. But some injuries of war leave no scars, and those injuries last forever.

*ROTC is Reserve Officer Training Corps, an education curriculum for the military prior to active duty.

**A “stick” is an improvised infantry combat unit numbering between four and six members.





The City Inside My Head

By Anna Dickson

The sawing and the grinding goes on and on.

It will not stop; there is no break.

Inspired by Plath, I pick up my pen and try to explain the pain within.

Clenching my jaw, I continue my plight; the sawing and grinding in my head won't cease.

This unnatural, raw pain inside my brain.

The Tupperware is lined up on the counter, but I've misplaced the tops.

I stress over tedious details until I fall, fall, fall into a feverish sleep-

Producing no rest because the Ferris Wheel starts up again-the grinding and sawing inside my pain.

Won't stop.

Medication-a nice thought-a temporary reprieve...

I want to hit the eject button.

"Button's broken unfortunately."

The flashing street lights in my city keep flashing, flash, flash.

It's night-dark out, but still no release, and peace of mind does not come as I struggle with authenticity.

BUT the building must go on-Christmas is around the corner.

The list is long, and the nausea beats me down, down, down, down to the toilet...to my knees.

But the building won't stop...

The city being built inside my head-it must go on.

And on...

And on.





The Carving

By Jim Sandlin

It is a fine sign; the woodman's carving
Some ghost of a dream—
Which once held foothold in another reality—
Now being traced in bark in the dark world
By light of inner vision—

To shape the stump of a discarded tree
Whose beauty met its peril at the end of an intemperate axe
Held by the hands of life's destroyer
For the sake of some unholy reason
Unproclaimed to the Blind Man's voyeur.

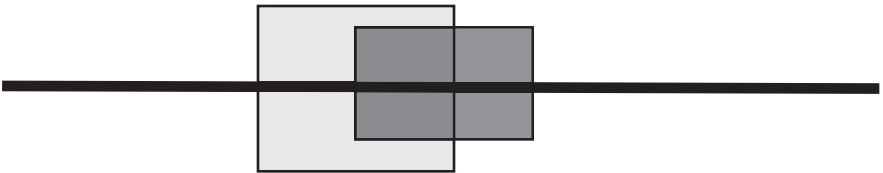
The end of a season—
The end of an epoch—
Distraught by frost—
Or shriveled by dry rot—
No matter; this stump will do.
It contains all the majesty the Blind Man needs
To pick the lock of spiritual block
In the tick-tock world of cynical backwash;
The grossness of humans,
The death of a New World sun.

Angels fly beneath a crimson sky,
Fall to earth, and are kicked quickly through the streets;
Their numerous contusions enticing the weakest
To find stick, stone, or jagged glass,
And join the mass of Makos of men
Who tear at the wings of nature's defense.

<< My Life in Line
By Michael Shane McCartney

But he, the Woodman, hears no voice—
Save the god in his ear
That beckons and toils away at verse,
Oblivious to malevolence as the tide is to ships.

The Woodman chips at the stump of madness.
The blind Woodman sees no sadness—
Yet, ventures his vision of heaven's salvation
As angels die in an ocean of men.





We travel over many leagues.
We experience the battle as enemies are slain.
And with tears we grieve,
As characters we love and admire meet their bane.
We see the world in our mind's eye,
As we roam across the foreign landscape.
We feel and hear love's strong cry,
As a character's heart for one does ache.
Our hearts fill with happiness,
As our favorite characters reunite;
And our hearts fill with justice,
As evil loses and good wins the fight.
Our minds are thoroughly engaged,
As the veil is lifted on a character's destiny.
And after we finish the words on the last page,
We feel at times as if we are leaving a family.

Of these stories we are readers,
And they inspire us to create the same.
Of these stories we are writers,
As these fierce musings we seek to tame.



Night That Changed My Life

By Heather Oswald

Losing two of my good friends in a car wreck was the hardest tragedy I have ever had to deal with. The night of October 20, 2006, is a night that I will never forget. I can remember every little thing about that night: where I was, who I was with, what I was doing, what car I was in, who called me, and even what the weather was like. Having two amazing friends die tragically in a car accident on the same night is the most devastating event that changed my life forever.

It was a Friday, and the whole school was so excited about the football game in Natchitoches. The day had already started off great for me because I had a doctor's appointment, and I was able to miss gym class. Molly was a good friend of mine, and we had gym together; but little did I know that this would have been the last time to have a class with her. I ended up checking back into school right before gym class let out. I can remember walking into the locker room and talking to Molly for a couple minutes and letting her use some of my perfume. Every time I run across the scent of that perfume, those last moments that I had with her flash before me. Everyone at school was talking about going to the game and making a little road trip out of it. One friend of mine, Haley Hudson, asked if I wanted to ride with her and her mom to the game. I was almost incapable of saying no because I knew it would be so enjoyable. I invited my best friend at the time Brianna and my sister Haley to come with us, too. We all knew that we were going to have the best time traveling to the game.

The car ride there could not get any better. We were all singing to music, playing travel games, and texting everyone about the football game. My cell phone was on vibrating mode, and I set it down in the car while I was talking to Brianna. I remember looking for my phone about ten minutes later, and I noticed that I had two missed calls. The phone calls were from my friend Lauren, which was strange because Lauren rarely ever called me. Lauren had gym class with Molly and me; we all three would sit in class together. So I called Lauren back to see what she wanted, not knowing that what she was about to say would change my life forever.

Before I received the phone call, we were listening to the radio, and the radio broadcasters kept talking about a five-passenger wreck on I-49, which was the interstate we were traveling on. I just did not think anything of it, and kept enjoying the car ride. Then, we all began getting phone calls

<< Inner Eye Elsewhere By Anita Widener

from random people making sure that we were okay. Since we had five people in our vehicle, people started questioning if it could be us. I grabbed my phone to call Lauren back, assuming that she was just checking on us, too.

As the phone was ringing, I can remember laughing and joking around with everyone in the car. When Lauren answered my phone call, I immediately knew something was wrong. The tone of her voice when she said my name still gives me chills to this day. I yelled across the car and told everyone to stop talking and for Haley to turn down the music. I then asked Lauren what was wrong. She asked if I had heard about the accident on the Interstate. When she asked me this, it felt like my heart dropped to the ground. I said yes that I did and asked why.

She said, "Okay, Heather, Molly was in the car, Emily Perdue was in it too. I'm not sure who the other three girls were, but I know they went to Airline, and they were on the way to the game. But, Heather, they pronounced Emily dead on the scene. They're getting helicopters for the other girls."

I started screaming, crying, and yelling. All I kept saying was, "No this can't be true, you're lying! No, no no!"

I threw the phone on the ground and could not even talk because I was crying so hard. I was speechless. Minutes passed, and my sister was repeatedly yelling and trying to calm me down by asking what had happened. All I could say was, "Molly, Emily, the wreck, Emily's dead!"

Haley asked, "What? Emily who?"

I told her, "Perdue."

My sister and Brianna both started to cry. I did not know what to do or think. We made Haley's mom turn around and drive directly to LSU Hospital. I was lying in Brianna's arms as my tears soaked her chest. We all didn't know what to think or where to go. We just started heading to the hospital.

Arriving at the hospital was an experience that will stay in my memory forever. The sun was winding down, and the moon was beginning to show. Walking up the steps to the doors of the hospital was indescribable. The waiting room and outside of the hospital was full of students from my high school and friends from all over the parish.

As I walked into the doors with my tears constantly rolling down my cheeks, I was greeted by friends and members of my church. I walked into the waiting room and saw Molly's parents sobbing and praying for their daughter's life. A friend of mine came up to me and said that Molly was in a room and that she should be able to make it through this tragedy. He told

me everyone else that was in the vehicle: Megan Atwood, Erin Semanco, and Katy Watkins. Megan and Erin were doing alright, Erin was able to go home, and Megan was in surgery. Katy was not doing so well. Megan was the driver, Katy was in the passenger seat, Emily sat behind the driver's seat, Erin sat in the middle back seat, and Molly sat behind the passenger seat.

By this time, the hospital began to get extremely full of people, and we all decided to go to First Baptist Bossier so that we could gather around and pray. I can recall leaving the hospital and hearing a woman's phone start playing the song "I Can Only Imagine." Hearing this song made my tears rush down my face more and more. It felt as if God were trying to tell me that everything was going to be okay. Eventually, my parents, Haley, Brianna, and I all went to the church and talked to friends, prayed, and cried. We only stayed at the church for about thirty minutes. I did not want to leave the church, but I had to eventually. We went to my house, anxiously waiting on a phone call about Molly.

Around midnight, I got a phone call from another friend of mine named Haley. She told me that Molly had become brain dead and was on life support. I walked outside of my house kicking rocks in my driveway, yelling in my front yard and crying on the phone. Haley told me that Molly's sister was coming from out of town to say her final goodbyes. Then, they would have to take her off of life support. I did not know Katy very well, but Katy passed away around the same time that Molly did.

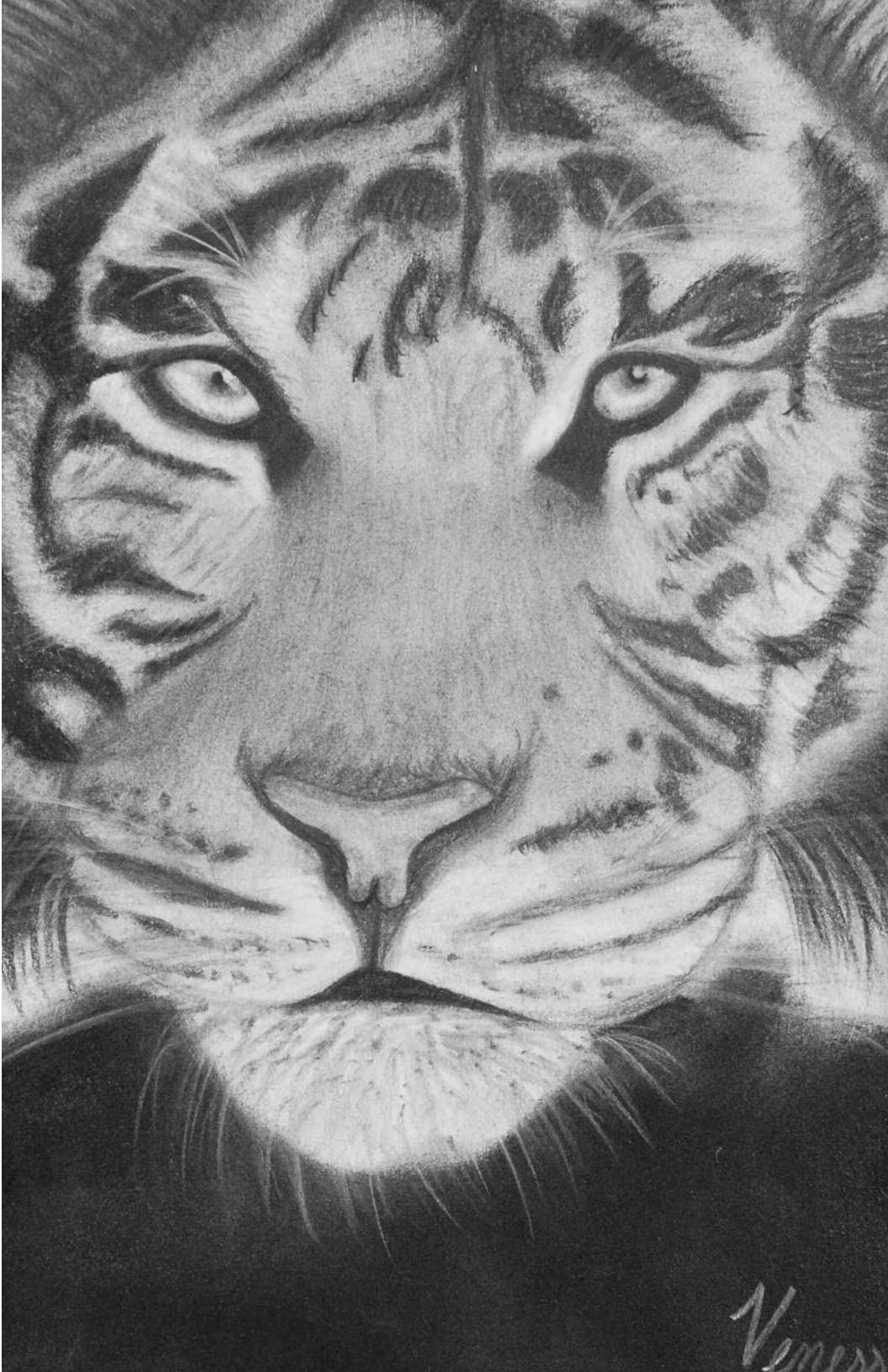
All in all, October 20, 2006, was the most devastating even I have ever had to deal with. This night was a night that I never wanted to happen, but I would not be the person I am today if it had not occurred. Molly and Emily were amazing people and great friends. I am so blessed to have had the opportunity to get to know them. Their lives were extraordinary and have changed my life forever by making me a better person.

Waterfall

By Anita Widener

How does what was put inside get out again?
Down—like water spilling from a cup.
Down in a rage or a rivulet:
Steaming or icy-clear, blue or green,
The water will flow through hopeful outlets.
It will flow, it will fall,
Or stagnate and stink
With the larvae of a misfiled thought life
All squirming to drink up my inspiration,
Leaving none for my reader, my page or my heart.
Let me lose it—it's the only way it can be found.
The stream must go on to the sea, not be land bound.
Ink of my logic,
Ink of my dreams and
Of feelings, allegiance,
Master, companions...
All that forms who I was and who I am
Channels through my eager, pen-like fingers.
This refreshing water-ink pours from a source—
The maker of the pen and of the cup,
Of logic, and of dreams—
My Master.
My glass self must live to pour again.
Let the thoughts live!
Let them dash and sparkle
Into a waiting well of paper
To be drawn up by many cups,
To shine in new light,
New hearts,
Before they can stagnate.
Wordy drinks were made
To flow alive,
Not to stay still in my thoughts.

Heart of Siberia By Venessa Huggins >>
Winner of the Savoir Faire Artist's Award



Blade of a Dagger

By Natasha Fisk

You plunged it deep with a swift hand; your soft charms
Seemed to place you as a better man, but yet you deceive
And betray. A blade of a dagger you display.

You thrust it with a smile and turn it with a laugh; you
called yourself a gentleman but of course that's a mask.
You shattered souls and manipulate foes, lure the innocent
into your grasp, and you call yourself the better half. You
maim and blame; let others take the shame. Empty
promises and broken dreams you weave making so many
believe, causing so much harm, but you are far from torn.
You flash the smiles and give casual waves thinking
yourself far from a phase. You make so many swoon as
you wrap lies like a cocoon. The blade seeps deeper
into the wound as you slash another which you
consider a game, and all of them the bitter same.



Winner of the Savoir Faire Writer's Award

Little time

Passes fast

Very concentrated

Compound and complex

I stay on subject

What to do with the noun

Many unseen variables

Thinking of an opposite pronoun

To be independent

There is a verb, but no subject

I cannot stand alone

Just a dependent clause

In conclusion

While I punctuate

I am still a run-on

Waiting to be corrected

Meet the Artists



Cassie Snead began writing about a year ago and expresses herself more now since taking Creative Writing. She gets her inspiration from her creative mother. Her dream job is to work with kids: "I love working with children!" Her most life changing experience was when she had her daughter.

Matthew McKeever started expressing himself creatively at an early age. His first big project was in the third grade when he recreated the Eiffel Tower

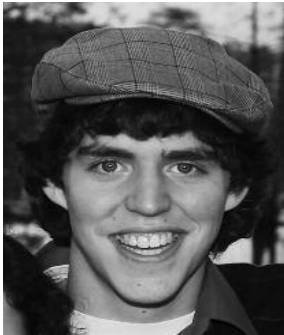
with a working bridge out of Kinex. His biggest pet peeve is dropping stuff in the sink and leaving it.



Leslie Trigg has been drawing for as long as he can remember. His dream job is to follow artistic personalities because he wants to not because he has to.

<<Jim Sandlin's biggest pet peeve is lack of common respect. He has been creatively writing since age five. His inspiration is Jim Carroll. His irrational fear is the fear of being afraid and racism. When asked about his dream job, he stated, "I'm living my dream job. I'm in complete control of my destiny."

Natisha Fisk started drawing at age six and writing at age 14. She gets her inspiration from her mother. She has a pet peeve where all her writing has to be in alphabetical order when filed or saved.



<<Donald Koebel wishes to be a literary and English teacher. Writing has come and gone with him over the years, with major points in Creative Writing classes with highschool groups. When asked about his unusual talent, he answered, "Although its not unusual, but rather not entirely common, I can juggle." C.S. Lewis is his greatest inspiration.



<<Marcus Latson gets his inspiration from people in every day life as well as different actions and events that take place in his life. When asked about his dream job he replied, “I wouldn’t call it a dream job, but my dream job is being a father and husband. There are no higher paying jobs than that.” He also has talent in many sports.

Heather Oswald began expressing herself in 2006 when her friends Molly and Emily passed away: “Emily and Molly are my heroes and this event changed my life forever.” Her dream job is to become a teacher and coach basketball. She draws her inspiration from Molly who taught her about life and how to live it.

Maria Vargas began creating around the age seven or eight. She gets her inspiration from the music she listens to while working. The moment that changed her life was moving to the United States when she was sixteen years old.



<<Anita Widener says she can’t remember a time when she hasn’t wanted to create. She gets her inspiration from family, friends, and favorite writers. When asked about one life changing moment, she said, “Moments change my life all the time. Meet new friends, gather new ideas, discover things about myself, and it’s hard to just pick one.” Her dream job is to be a published novelist.

Venessa Huggins started expressing herself through choir in the 6th grade then later by art in the 9th through 12th grade. The people who inspire her include Leonardo, Michelangelo, Klimt, Mc Escher, and her mother and father. Cake design would be her dream job.



<<Willian Yanez gets his inspiration from actual events. One of the stories he wrote is dedicated to all fallen heroes and those left behind. His irrational fear is anything with eight legs. His dream job is teaching.



<<Nicholas J. West wishes to work with anything dealing with music, radio, or writing. Books inspire him as well as Salvador Dali, Andy Warhol, and Hunter S. Thompson. His irrational fear is long necked animals.

Michael Shane McCartney began expressing himself around the age of eight years old. His mother and grandmother kept inspiring him to do his best

and use his imagination. When asked about his dream job, he replied, “[It] would be to work for the Major League Baseball Commission to create a World Series Logo. Deployments to Iraq and the birth of his son were his life changing moments.

Tony Watson won a contest in junior highschool for shadowing and shading. He gets inspiration from many people including his family, friends, and people he sees on a daily basis. His biggest pet peeve is when he holds the door open for people, and they do not thank him.



<<Chris Wade is inspired by many people, but mainly Brandon Sanderson. Chris started writing stories when he was six or seven years old. His life changed when one day on his way to work he realized

he hated his job and followed his desire to entertain people. His dream job is to be a filmmaker, and he has always dreamed of making a living as a story teller.



<<Hanna Fitts hates when people put their feet on the back of someone’s chair and can’t seem to sit still. The worst job she had in a cafe makes her pickier about the places where she eats. Being good with animals is her unusual talent.



1625 DAVID RAINES ROAD SHREVEPORT, LA. 71107
(318) 227-3350

DAVID RAINES COMMUNITY HEALTH CENTER

is (DRCHC) an independent, community owned, non-profit, Joint Commission Accredited (JCAHO), Federally Qualified Health Center (FQHC) providing quality, affordable, primary and preventive services to all regardless of race, national origin or ability to pay. Five centers are located in areas where care is needed. The center is also a partner in North Star Health Systems--community health centers working together to improve health care in North Louisiana. There are multiple services available for BPCC students, including the following:

DENTAL SEALANT PROGRAM

Children receive dental exams and sealants placed on the 6 and 12 year molars without charge to the parents. The mobile dental van takes the services directly to the children at school to address oral health in the most cavity prone teeth, the molars. David Raines Community Health Centers provide the dentist, dental support staff, sealant materials, equipment and supplies.

MEDICAL HOME SCHOOL INITIATIVE

It promotes healthy child development and encourages the establishment of source for regular ongoing care for children and their families. David Raines provides a registered nurse and a licensed counselor at Northside Elementary School with no out of pocket expense to the parents. David Raines's staff serves the students four days a week. This program helps eliminate truancy due to illness or behavioral problems.

THIS ANNOUNCEMENT WAS INCLUDED TO CREATE AWARENESS OF THE SERVICES AVAILABLE TO THOSE WITH LITTLE OR NO HEALTH CARE. SAVOIR FAIRE ENCOURAGES ALL TO CONTACT THE CENTER FOR FURTHER INFORMATION.

Want to be a part of the *Savoir Faire* process? Come join the staff!

LITR 101 is held every semester, and students need to have passed with a “C” in English 101 to be in the class. It is on Tuesdays and Thursdays, 12:30-1:45. Scholarships are possible, but applicants will need to fill out an application and write a timed essay proctored by the advisor. Scholarships will be determined based on the student’s writing ability and work ethic. The student also needs to have a 2.0 grade point average and be a full time student. The class involves creation of a bi-annual literary magazine which represents literary and visual artists at BPCC, advertisement and distribution. Contact us at savoirfaire@bpcc.edu for further information.

